CICELY'S ORDEAL

By MABEL COLLINS

Cicely Baring was to all appearances one of the brightest and happiest of girls tonight. She was at one of the most delightful dances of a very gay London season, and she had danced twice with the man she loved. No word had ever been spoken between them, but both knew how deep the love was and how hopeless. For Cicely was a poor girl, the daughter of a cashier in a great bank, who had died suddenly, leaving her and her mother penniless and alone. Claude Arundal, the son of the chief partner, and Mr. Mordaunt, one of the younger clerks, had taken Mr. Baring home on the day when he was seized with his fatal illness, and both had been struck by the beauty and grace and self-possession of his young daughter. Mr. Mordaunt tried to befriend the widow, but all he could do was to propose to Cicely. He was refused, but he hoped to ask again when she knew him better and he was in a better position. In the meantime, Claude Arundel succeeded in securing, as he believed, a safe home for Cicely, and one which had the exceptional advantage of enabling him to see her very often and occasionally to dance with her. He was an only child, and his mother, a very worldly woman, absolutely devoted to society, always kept a companion to fetch and carry for her and go about with her. She preferred a pretty, lady-like girl, and had great difficulty in keeping any one with her. Claude never quite understood why. She was not sharp-tempered, though very heartless and indifferent. Claude did not know that she depended on her companion in matters of which he was kept in total ignorance; that she demanded an implicit and unquestioning obedience in difficult situations which alarmed these girls. She generally sent them away herself with a handsome present. She was without one when Mr. Baring died, and Claude suggested that she should try Cicely. She did so, and seemed well pleased with her. She gave her some beautiful dresses and took her about more than any of the others. The consequence was that Cicely had gay and happy hours, like those she had passed to-night, in a social paradise which Mr. Mordaunt knew of and thought about very bitterly in the solitude of his lodgings. He did not believe that the Arundels would allow their son to marry her; at any cost they would prevent it, for they were ambitious. But somebody would snap her up! And while he ate his heart out Cicely danced on, happy as a child and as innocent.

She had not seen anything of Mrs. Arundel for a long time, when suddenly she caught sight of her making her way round the ballroom. She was a very handsome woman, with a worn face and feverishly brilliant eyes. She was gorgeous in clouds of lace and some superb diamonds. She wore a tiara and several brooches, but no necklace. When she came down to dinner dressed, she had said to Claude that she had put on her diamond necklace and taken it off again, thinking it looked too much; and he agreed that she wore enough diamonds without it.

Mrs. Arundel came close to where Cicely was standing by the wall with her partner and whispered in her ear:

"Make an excuse and come with me. I want you."

She did so and followed Mrs. Arundel into a conservatory where it was comparatively quiet.

"I want you to do exactly what you did the other night," said Mrs. Arundel, speaking in great excitement, which she tried her utmost to control. Her eyes were glittering like the diamonds on her dress, and her hands trembled as she took a tiny gold key from a chain on one of her bracelets. "Be as quick as you possibly can," she said. "Don't lose a second. You will find a bundle of notes in the same place, bring the bundle and come to me in the cardroom when you come back."

Cicely had not known there was any card playing or what room it was in, but she did not stay to ask any question. Mrs. Arundel seemed so impatient and excited.

"I'll come down and see the carriage is called instantly," said Mrs. Arundel, following her as she hurried downstairs to get her wrap, "John must bring you back to-night. It is not far, and the carriage is quicker than a hansom. Don't delay a second for anything."

So Cicely hurried off to repeat a strange errand she had already accomplished successfully once or twice—fetching money for Mrs. Arundel from a hiding place in her jewel safe. She took with her what she intended to stake at bridge; but sometimes when the stakes ran high she went madly on, and then she needed a faithful messenger.

Arrived at the house Cicely ran quickly up to Mrs. Arundel's own rooms, which were silent and deserted, all set in order ready for her return. Hurrying through into the beautiful little dressing room, she turned on the electric light and opened the door of the jewel safe with the tiny key entrusted to her. She drew out a tray of jewels, and, from a little hidden recess below, the secret of which had been shown to her, took out a bundle of notes. Relocking the safe she returned to the carriage, and very soon was back to the house she had left. She found the cardroom without any delay. It seemed strangely unlike the rest of the house, which was all alight and alive, full of glitter and noise. This room was quiet, the silence only broken by occasional exclamations. There were two or three parties at different tables. Looking around Cicely soon caught sight of Mrs. Arundel. As usual she was playing with a very old lady, the Countess of Carlyon, and some others who were always of her party. Cicely knew them all well now, as they constantly lunched at Mrs. Arundel's house.

All were absorbed in their play, too absorbed to notice anything else. Only Mrs. Arundel glanced up with feverish anxiety and beckoned Cicely to her. Cicely thought to herself as she approached them that she hardly believed if the house were burning, or there was a revolution in the country, or the plague had burst out in the town, that they would look up from their game.

The old countess's deformed little figure was dressed in beautiful pompadour silk and all glittering with jewels. As usual on her chair hung a silken sacque to match her gown, and into this, as before, went Mrs. Arundel's bundle of notes. Cicely looked at the witch-like old lady with a certain horror. She began to realize what this meant—that the countess was an inveterate gambler and a very successful one, too. Mrs. Arundel's face began to look very worn and haggard when, as now, she had been doing battle with the countess and been well beaten.

Cicely began to understand it all, and stood gazing at the unholy group, horrified yet fascinated. One of her partners, Captain Curtis, must have kept a watch on her movements; at all events, he came now to look for her in the cardroom, which looked as if he had done so. He came to ask her to dance with him again.

"Yes, child, go," said Mrs. Arundel. "I shall not be leaving yet."

So Cicely went back to the ballroom and danced again and again, first with Captain Curtis, and then with her other partners whom her hostess brought to her. She did not know how tired she was or how far into the morning she had danced, until Mrs. Arundel came to her. Something in the feverish face startled her, and all the gayety of the scene vanished like a dream of the night. She felt herself to be standing sad and weary amid flickering lights and faded flowers.

"Come," said Mrs. Arundel, and they went down to the carriage.

The daylight was strong when they went out of the door, and the air was radiant with the beauty of the dawn. Even Cicely's young face looked pale in this change of light; but she was startled and shocked at the look on Mrs. Arundel's. A grey shadow seemed to rest on it, and new lines appeared to have come in the last few hours round eyes and mouth. She leant back with closed eyes, her mouth drawn in till it was but a hard line on her face.

"And this is called pleasure!" thought Cicely, sadly. She already felt weary of gayety, and would gladly have put off her beautiful dress if she might have crept close to her old place in her once peaceful home.

Once in bed and the sunlight shut out by dark blinds, Cicely slept the sleep of tired youth. Perhaps she would have slept on all day so weary was she, but a consciousness that some one was standing by her side aroused her. She opened her eyes and saw one of the housemaids holding a little breakfast tray.

"I've brought you some tea, miss," said the girl. "Do have it. You'll want it, for you must rouse up. It seems a shame to wake you out of such a beautiful sleep, but it can't be helped."

"What has happened?" exclaimed Cicely, broad awake in an instant. She saw that the girl was pale and trembling.

"Oh, miss, it's dreadful—do drink your tea! And then get up and dress, for I shouldn't wonder if them men come here without waiting!"

"What men? Do tell me, Bessie! What are you talking about?"

"The mistress's diamond necklace has been stolen, and the police have been sent for and are in the house now. And there's no knowing who they will suspect or what will be done. Oh, miss, what's to become of us all!" and the girl burst out into sobs. She was simply in abject terror.

"But how can it have been stolen?" demanded Cicely. "Mrs. Arundel did not wear it last night, so it could not have been lost. It was locked up in the safe."

"Somebody has took it from the safe then, miss," said the girl.

She stopped sobbing and looked away. Her manner brought an awful thought into Cicely's mind. She turned white to the lips. After a moment she spoke, very quietly:

"Go now, Bessie, and I will get dressed."

The girl went away sobbing to herself. She was one of those to whom the mere sight of the police is a terror and a dread in itself, and leaves a brand. But the whole household was in such a terrible state of excitement and distress that her condition was excusable indeed, as Cicely found as soon as she left her room.

The police were absolutely in possession of the house. No sooner was she out of her own door than she was addressed by an officer and requested to come down to the room in which the inquiry was being held, without further delay. She obeyed, of course, and in a few moments found herself shut into a room with several officers, undergoing a close examination from one who sat at a table. Opposite him sat a secretary making notes of everything said.

Cicely told the story of the night quite simply, and exactly as it had all happened.

When she left the room she left it virtually under arrest. She was requested to return to her own room; an officer was told to inspect it and see that no way of escape was possible, and then to remain on guard by the door.

As her room was on the third floor of the great house it was as safe as a cell in a prison. The officer looked out of the window and saw that for her to attempt to escape that way would mean suicide. He reported this fact; nevertheless, another officer was sent outside to watch.

The diamond necklace was valued at an enormous figure. This was one of the biggest robberies the police had had in hand for some time. They considered it quite possible Cicely might be a member of the "swell mob," and that some mode of escape from her window had been planned which would save her.

Cicely sank into a chair in her room, and as the door closed on her it seemed to her that she lapsed into unconsciousness. She was so overwrought and worn out that she could no longer bear the strain of life and sank away from it for a little while.

In the library downstairs sat Mr. Arundel, who had been fetched from the bank during the morning. Claude was there, too, walking restlessly to and fro.

Mrs. Arundel sat by the table. Her face was drawn and haggard. Claude glanced at her now and then, and wondered that she should care so much as this, even if the diamonds had been worth a King's ransom.

But when they heard that Miss Baring had returned to her room under arrest, then Claude's face grew drawn and pale. Something he valued far more than diamonds was likelly to suffer—to be mortally hurt!

That she was guilty he would not credit even for an instant.

He went across to the room in which the police had made their headquarters and talked for some time to the chief.

Certainly all the circumstances were profoundly suspicious, and to those who did not love her all but positively incriminating! Quite sufficiently so to justify the course that had been taken pending further inquiries.

Nothing could be done. Chafing sorely, Claude came out.

So the day went on. Nothing further was discovered, and nothing more could be done at the moment. It was only possible to wait—and see—and hope. We most of us know how dreadful that condition of endurance is.

Perhaps Cicely's ordeal was less hard for herself at this moment than it was for the man who loved her so dearly and who was so powerless to help her.

The next day passed in the same dreadful manner. It was eased a little for Cicely by her mother's presence. The two sat hand-in-hand, waiting, wondering, looking for what dread thing was to come next. At night they lay side by side, sleepless, or in that sleep of exhaustion which leaves the weary spirit unrefreshed.

Sleepless nights and tormented days worked a great change in Claude Arundel. He, too, began to look haggard and worn.

But his appearance was nothing beside his mother's. She had a terribly feverish, excited look; her eyes glittered like those of a person in a delirium, and they seemed to have sunk deeper into her head.

Mr. Arundel was shocked at her condition.

"My dear Marian," he said to her more than once, "these are only jewels, dross not worthy of your care. It is a sad loss in value; but we are rich and do not suffer from it. Try to remove your thoughts to better things."

Sometimes she looked at him strangely, as if with hatred, when he spoke to her like this. On the second night she dressed and went out to a party at the countess's house, and Mr. Arundel, much as he disliked the gay society she mixed in, yet was glad to see her go.

It was on the afternoon of the third day that a visitor came to the house and asked for Mrs. Baring. It was Mr. Mordaunt, the bank clerk, who had befriended them in their former great trouble and who hoped yet to win Cicely's love.

He sent up a note which Bessie, the housemaid, now quite white and ill-looking from fright and weeping, brought up to Cicely's guarded room. The note was an urgent entreaty to Mrs. Baring to come down and see him. "I have something most important to tell you," he added.

She read the note with great surprise, and then immediately went downstairs.

She found him awaiting alone in a small drawing room that opened out of the larger one. He seemed very nervous and anxious.

"I am almost afraid to talk to you here," he said, glancing at the archway between the rooms, which was closed only by curtains.

"It is quite safe," said Mrs. Baring. "Everyone is downstairs."

"I have a most extraordinary theory to suggest to you," said Mr. Mordaunt; "it may save your daughter. I have been hesitating whom to go to first with a scrap of information I possess."

"Oh, what is it? Tell me quickly, Mr. Mordaunt. I don't know how we have lived through these awful days. But it looks as if Cicely is hopeless and helpless."

Mr. Mordaunt bent nearer to her and spoke in a whisper.

"My theory is that Mrs. Arundel stole those diamonds herself. She is a gambler and has been losing heavily. I know she has done some desperate things before. She dare not ask her husband for large sums; she is afraid of him."

"Oh, but only a fiend would do that, and then fasten the guilt on my poor innocent child. It is inhuman!"

"You don't know of what gamblers are capable. They become dead to human feeling. Now advise me, what shall I do? Go to the police with what I know, or tell it first to Mr. Arundel?"

Mrs. Arundel thought very earnestly before she answered. Then she said:

"I should like you to tell Claude Arundel first and be guided by him. I have gathered from Cicely that he has stood our friend all through. I would like to give him the chance of being spared the awful humiliation of an exposure by the police. I know what that suffering is too well, and I have complete confidence in his justice."

Mr. Mordaunt hesitated, and seeing this, Mrs. Baring said quickly:

"Stay here and I will go and look for him and bring him at once."

She went away, returning in a few moments with Claude. The three withdrew to the most secluded corner of the little drawing room and spoke in whispers.

"I have become aware by an accident," said Mr. Mordaunt, "that Mrs. Arundel has been in terrible need of large sums of money lately. I have a friend who is an expert in diamonds and who works for a diamond dealer in the city. This man told me a good while ago that he was certain Mrs. Arundel's diamond tiara had passed through his hands. I could not believe it, as I knew it to be kept in the bank. I was able to show him there, and did so. He then told me that the tiara we have there now is made of paste stones, Mrs. Arundel having sold the genuine ones."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Claude, to whom this seemed a wild story, quite incredible.

"This man told me to-day that the diamond merchant for whom he works is going abroad in order to dispose of a diamond necklace of great value to some foreign customer of his who he thinks would buy it. It has only just come into his possession. My friend believes it to be the lost necklace."

"But who, then, has taken it to him?"

"The same person who took the tiara."

"My mother."

"That is not ascertained yet."

"But why should she need such sums?"

"You must know, Mr. Arundel, that she is said to be a gambler. She is a friend of the Countess of Carlyon, who has ruined many of her friends."

Claude did not speak for a moment. In his heart he was saying "My poor father!"

Then he said: "Can you and I go to this diamond merchant direct?"

"Yes, at once. I have the address. He does not leave London till to-morrow."

"Of course I can identify the jewels," was all Claude said.

The two young men went away, leaving Mrs. Baring trembling with hope and fear and horror. She flew upstairs to her daughter and told her all that had happened, and then Cicely described to her the evenings spent at different houses which hitherto she had hardly thought to speak of.

Quite late in the evening another note from Mr. Mordaunt was brought to Mrs. Baring. It simply said: "All has been discovered. Miss Baring's innocence is proved."

The two women clung together, weeping for joy. Presently Mrs. Baring went quietly downstairs to see if she could gather any more news.

She found that Mr. Arundel, his wife and son were shut in the library with locked doors. The household knew by instinct that something most terrible had happened and dared not go near them.

Mrs. Baring's heart bled for the father and son. She went softly back to her daughter. That night Cicely slept peacefully, and in the morning woke more like herself, with the sense as of a nightmare lifted from her.

Bessie came with early tea and brought good news indeed. The police had left the house. No explanation had been given to the household save that the diamonds had been found.

A message was presently brought to Cicely saying Mr. Arundel wished to see her. She went down and found him waiting alone. He was strangely altered in one night, with a broken look, and was very quiet.

"Child," he said, "a terrible sin has been done in my house, and but for the intervention of Providence you, an innocent girl, would have been made to suffer for the guilt of another. We have prayed all night for guidance as to how best to make reparation to you. My son wishes to speak to you. Let him do so, I beg. If what he wishes is not your wish, then I would speak to you again."

The sad, broken man went out of the room, leaving her alone, and a moment later Claude came in. He addressed her with a strange timidity, looking down as he spoke.

"Can you ever forgive us this great wrong?" he asked.

"It is forgiven," she answered, very gently.

He raised his eyes now and looked at her.

"Cicely," he said, "my mother has always been intensely ambitious for me. She has greatly desired that I should marry a title. I knew it would have been hopeless to win her consent to my asking the one woman in the world I loved to be my wife. But now by her own act she has so placed us that we are humbled in the dust before you. Yet my heart tells me I may at least venture to ask you—do you love me?"

She put out her quivering little hand.

"Can you forgive us sufficiently to belong to us? Cicely, will you be my wife and let me try to make you forget all this misery? Ah, my dear one——" for she had turned to him, and, as he caught her in his arms, nestled her head against him.

Cicely's ordeal was over.

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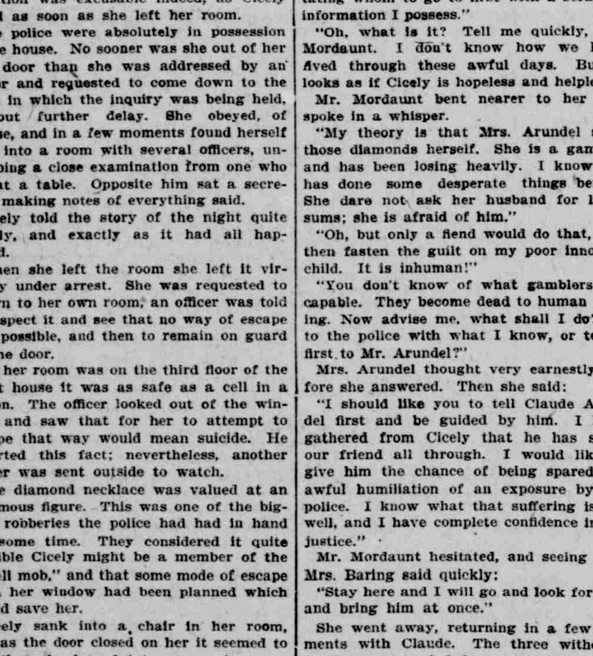


HIS IDEA.

First Artist—I'm getting up a figure to represent this city. What sort of drapery would you suggest?

Second Artist—She ought to have a train reaching to the suburbs, anyhow.

HOW THE KING VISITS.

His Coming Brings Much Anxiety to the Host and Hostess.

London Answers.

Although King Edward dispenses with as much pomp and circumstance as is possible when he is honoring any of his subjects with a country house visit, certain special arrangements have, of course, to be made for his reception on such occasions. The successful carrying out of these entails, as may be imagined, a good deal of anxiety on the part of the host and hostess concerned. For example, the servants have to be carefully trained in the niceties of court etiquette, while the rooms set apart for the accommodation of the illustrious guest have to be refurnished throughout. It is important, too, that such rooms should be be in a position to insure a certain amount of privacy for their distinguished occupants. On this account the suite in question is usually contained in a separate wing altogether, and is capable of being entered and left without passing through corridors used by ordinary members of the house party.

This house party has to be most carefully chosen, for on its composition depends in great measure the success of the royal visit. With a view to insuring that everyone's presence shall be thoroughly acceptable a list of those it is proposed to invite is first submitted to his Majesty's private secretary. This official, Lord Knollys, goes through it very carefully and then returns it with the intimation either it may stand or that it must be altered in certain particulars. It very seldom happens that any alteration is necessary, however, as the list is usually confined to those who are the King's personal friends. The careful host and hostess always make a point of including among their guests on these occasions several who have a talent for amateur theatricals, singing or playing. Invitations are also extended to men who can give a good account of themselves both at the covert side and the "bridge" table.

When King Edward pays a country house visit he is met at the local station by his host. Anything in the nature of a demonstration or address of welcome from the municipal authorities is discountenanced on such occasions. Indeed, beyond laying down a strip of red carpet on the platform no special preparations are made for his Majesty's reception. His arrival, in fact, is practically as unostentatious as is that of any private gentleman spending a week end in the country. As a rule the King drives with the host to the latter's residence, his suite, who are in attendance upon him, following in other carriages. In two or three instances of late motors have been used in place of the more formal vehicles. The tail end of the little procession is brought up by a couple of wagonettes containing servants and luggage.

On arrival, which is generally timed for about 6 o'clock in the evening, at the house he is honoring with his presence the King usually retires immediately to his private apartments and does not meet the remainder of the house party until a few minutes before dinner hour. As a rule this is fixed at 9 o'clock, in accordance with the custom obtaining at Buckingham Palace and Windsor. The meal usually lasts for about two hours, and is marked by a certain degree of ceremony. Royal servants, for example, who come from London for the purpose, serve his Majesty with each dish and stand behind his chair till he rises. While he chats pretty freely with all the members of the company it is a serious breach of etiquette for anyone to address a remark to him direct. With this exception a general conversation is kept up throughout the meal.

As soon as the ladies have withdrawn coffee and cigarettes are handed round. There is no undue lingering over these, and in about ten minutes are so the gentlemen return to the drawing room. The remainder of the evening is then passed with music, theatricals or "bridge," and about midnight his Majesty retires. He is not seen again by his host and hostess until half past 10 or 11 o'clock the next morning, as he always breakfasts alone.

The manner in which the interval between breakfast and luncheon is passed depends, of course, on the season of the year. Whenever possible King Edward likes to spend the morning in the open air. If his visit is not fixed at a time when grouse or pheasants may be conveniently be annihilated he usually goes for a midday spin in a motor, accompanied by his host and hostess and one or two principal guests.

Luncheon is at 2 o'clock or a little later and is rather an elaborate meal. On its conclusion his Majesty snatches an hour to attend to his correspondence. In connection with this matter it may be mentioned that even when in the depths of the country, and although his absence from London may be of only a couple of days' duration, King Edward's letters are brought to him every morning by a special messenger. Indeed there is no possibility of escaping the claims for attention of the royal postbag for twenty-four hours at a time. Of course, his private secretary answers as many of the letters as possible, but included in each mail there is always bound to be a number of documents requiring his Majesty's signature.

At tea, which in most country houses nowadays is served in the entrance hall (or, if the weather is fair, out of doors on the lawn) the King greets any of the guests he has not seen earlier in the day. Occasionally opportunity is taken at this meal to present to him some local celebrity, such as the lord lieutenant or high sheriff of the county, or perhaps the bishop of the diocese. Very often, however, such individuals are invited to a dinner party instead.

It is very seldom when he is paying an orinary visit of this description that the King spends any of his time in laying foundation stones, opening public buildings or receiving deputations, etc. Although no one is more ready to oblige or to further the cause of charitable and social progress, he has a natural disinclination to encraoching upon his holiday in this manner. When he visits his personal friends in the country he likes to do as much as possible in his private capacity. One reason for this is that the discharge of any official duty on such occasions entails the provision of a military escort and causes the host a great deal of resposibility and trouble.

As a memento of his visit King Edward is often asked to plant a tree or shrub in the grounds of the house he has been staying in. An interesting and lasting souvenir of the memorable occasion is thus provided. Scattered about the "stately homes of England" there are now a great many trees of various degrees of maturity which were planted by his Majesty. A label, marking the date of the event, is attached to each as a record.

It is, of course, impossible to state the expense to which a subject is put on account of a visit from his sovereign. That it is considerable, however, is certain, for although excessive display in the direction of table decorations, etc., is very properly discountenanced a certain abnormal outlay is necessary. For one thing all the servants have to be supplied with new liveries. Sometimes the whole house is redecorated throughout, while the suite occupied by his Majesty may be specially furnished for the occasion.

The outdoor staff, too, consisting of coachmen, grooms, gardeners, game keepers, beaters, etc., has to be largely reinforced. The attendance of some musical star to sing or play in the evening also means the writing of a handsome check. It need scarcely be remarked, however, that the cost of entertaining royalty in a fitting manner is quite the last thing that a subject who is being honored by his sovereign's presence beneath his roof thinks of.

THE NEXT LUXURY.

Belief that a Way to Cool Houses in Summer Will Be Invented.

Washington Letter in Philadelphia Press.

According to Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the Weather Bureau and at present acting secretary of agriculture, it will be the people's own fault if they do not keep cool in the future. The terrors of midsummer and 100 degrees in the shade are to be dissipated and he believes that the cooling of mankind will soon be as simple and easy of accomplishment as the refrigeration of food products.

The subject of making people comfortable in hot weather is a favorite one with the professor, and as he sat in the secretary's office the other day at the Agricultural Department he offered a few suggestions regarding simple means of producing these comfortable conditions.

"In the last half century," he said, "mechanical means of refrigeration has reached a high degree of perfection in the matter of the preserving of meats, fruits and other articles of food. Taking this with the work of the chemist in the sealing and the canning of vegetables we are now able to preserve almost any perishable product for an indefinite period. That field has been practically covered and the problem mastered.

"The next important problem along these lines is the cooling of the people. I venture to say that probably within the next five years no place of habitation will be constructed that at all essays to meet the conveniences and luxuries of our present civilization that will not be provided with from one to several rooms especially designed for human refrigeration. This character of refrigeration is much easier than the preserving of meats and vegetables, because there is a very small margin between a comfortable temperature and an unbearable temperature, and it is only this small increment of heat that the inventor must overcome in order to render living rooms comfortable and healthful during the most torrid weather.

"There is no doubt in my mind that the cooling effect that comes from evaporation will ultimately be employed to cool places of habitation in the arlad and subarid regions of the West, say between the meridian passing through central Kansas and the coast range of mountains of the West. There the relative humidity is so low and evaporation therefore so rapid and voluminous that all the cooling that is necessary in living and sleeping rooms can be accomplished by breaking up water into droplets so that it will readily change from a liquid into a gaseous form. Such means of cooling would also give to the air of this region a greater humidity, and as this atmosphere is nearly always too dry for both comfort and health the added humidity would be a beneficial desideratum, while any cooling in the eastern half of the country that is gained by adding humidity to the air does not readily result in a lowering of the sensible temperature.

"By sensible temperature I mean the temperature that is readily felt by animal life. This temperature depends upon three conditions: First, the temperature of the air; second, the relation which the amount of moisture in the air bears to the amount necessary to saturate the air; third, the velocity of the wind or the facility with which warm and humid air is removed from the skin of persons and replaced by other air. No thermometer or polymeter gives a true measure of the sensible temperature. The nearest approach to it is the wet bulb thermometer which is simply an ordinary thermometer with its bulb covered with a thin wetted cloth. Evaporation continues from the bulb of this thermometer much as it does from the perspiring skin of a person, and therefore the physical conditions of the two, while not exact, are quite similar.

"I have been experimenting for several years with methods to be used for cooling by evaporation in the arid regions of the West, and while I have found no trouble in producing the necessary amount of cold, I have reached no definite conclusion as to the best apparatus to be employed. I have cooled a small building by keeping a thin sheet of water flowing over its exterior. This is a thoroughly efficient means of cooling, but the amount of water required is too great to permit of this method being generally used.

"With a windmill to pump the water from a well or from a cistern a small building that is constructed without eaves and with a hipped roof and covered with felt or any fibrous material for the diffusion of water can be kept at a pleasant temperature in the arid or subarid regions. It is probable that milk and vegetables and possibly meats could be kept in such a house.

"The problem of the cooling and the ventilating of places of habitation is now almost for the first time seriously engaging the attention of architects, mechanical engineeers and physicians. The inventive ingenuity of the Yankee and the skill of the American mechanic will soon solve existing problems. The day is not far distant when the most potent cause of high mortality among infants and among the sick and convalescing will be greatly lessened.

"Man patiently endures that which he believes he must submit to, but there is really no more reason why any well-to-do person should swelter or die from heat in midsummer than he should be frostbitten or frozen to death in winter, except in the eastern half of the United States, where poulation is the most dense and air the most humid, it costs from four to six times as much to cool a given place in midsummer as it does to heat it in midwinter.

"Unfortunately, in many sections of the United States, where the humidity is the highest and the heat more continuous and more enervating, the price of ice is extremely high, but with the present means of making ice artificially these regions should in time secure ice for as low a price as it is now obtained in the extreme northern part of the United States. I know of no efficient portable cooling apparatus such as is suitable for offices and private residences that does not make use of the union of ice and common salt as the basic principle of its cooling."

THE WAY HE LOOKED AT IT.

Mrs. Benton Holme—Wake up, Jack! There's a burglar downstairs.

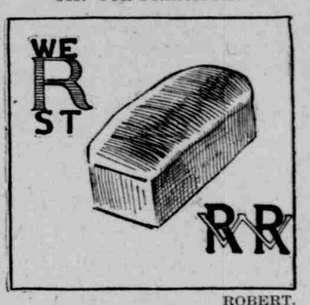
Benton Holme—All right, you lead the way. It's a cowardly man that will hurt a woman.

SPHINX LORE

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.

[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.]

648.—OUR PRINCIPLE.



ROBERT.

649.—TERMINAL DELETION.

Dear August days, what magic mem'ries FIRST
Around thy idle hours of older years;
I dream again, I see the smiles, and tears
Yet ev'ry smile was worth a thousand tears,
For life seemed sweet, I did not know the worst.

Dear August days, canst thou not bring to mind
How with Her hand in hand, I wandered through
The shady nooks of lover's lanes I knew
And there I whispered fairest words I knew,
Love led the way, but Something trailed behind.

Dear August days, two weary years have sped
Two wretched years until my heart doth clog,
And like some TOTAL spectre of the fog,
I circle there, but one day in the oog,
I knew, dear days, that they will find me, dead.

L. D. REES.

650.—ANAGRAMS.

You may think that I come from Wayback when I tell you that I took my WHOLE to see one of the great cities in the East, to show her the sights. The WEATHER SET in cold and damp, and after we had looked about we felt like warming up a bit, so we went into a small restaurant, which was ahead of anything out our way. There were lots of little tables, and things on them which smelled mighty good, there a soup and HERE A STEW, and yonder some French things we didn't know any names for. But we liked them, and though the time slipped by THERE WE SAT. The waiters step about lively but softly like, to feed those and WATER THESE. One of them we like, the REST WE HATE. They looked as if they saw something green, but they had better look out how they monkey with folks carrying their little guns, and fond of using them, as we from THE WEST ARE.

DOROTHEA.

651.—RIDDLE.

A red-headed crew,
Poor sticks, it is true,
Exceedingly snappish at times;
Of use every day,
Yet frequently they
Take part in most hideous crimes.

Each Fourth of July
Their spirit flames high,
And numberless crackers they fire;
They startle the night
With the rockets they light,
Until at their work they expire.

M. C. S.

652.—ALTERNATE DELETION.

(Example: Pear, ear, par, per, pea.)

Along in the early fifties a contented Scotch family had staked out a claim and settled in a remote part of the Wild West, far from civilization. One day the youngest ONE wandered off some distance in search of a suitable spot to plant a FOUR, and while busily engaged in this innocent pastime espied a huge black FIVE approaching. Swiftly the little tot ran for the shelter of a nearby THREE, but was on the point of being overtaken when the sharp report of a rifle was heard, and a noble specimen of a hunter, after securing his game, conducted the rescued mite to her parents. They, in their deep gratitude, declared he did well TWO their united blessings, which were liberally bestowed.

FRANK FOLKS.

653.—NUMERICAL.

Whate'er thou doest, do well, my boy,
1-2-3-1-5 not to pluck;
If lowly 9-10-11 employ,
Just make it grand by push and pluck.

What is 6-7-8-9-10 doing, boy,
Is 6 to 11 of greatest pains;
There's no short cut to learning, boy,
For all must work who wish for gains.

And friction is better than 2 to 5,
And rest is sweet when toil is done;
There are drones enough in the world's great hive;
Resolve, my boy, to be not one.

In work 7-8 play do thy best,
There's time for both of the 5-6-7,
Work gives to play a richer zest;
And oh! my boy, be 1 to 11.

E. E. G.

654.—OUR RATIONS.

1. ******ration gives our association the legal power to act as an individual. 2. ******ration is called upon to guide its course wisely. 3. ***ration keeps it in working order. 4. *****ration is the frequent expression of our members. 5. ******ration was sought when our condition had become deplorable. 6. ****ration was our earnest appeal to unfaithful members. 7. *****ration enabled us to determine the area of our land. 8. *********ration of our organization was threatened in the disagreement over this property. 9. *******ration of our buildings added to the discontent. 10. *****ration of harmony was finally effected by the wisdom of our leaders.

LEX.

655.—CURTAILMENT.

The page made a run through the castle's low ONE.
Just to see what the bill-sticker thereby had done.
Great TWOs met his eyes, where in radiant dyes
A menagerie flamed, and a circus likewise.
The text, foo, was thrilling, but closed with the chilling,
Blood-curdling announcement: "Admittance, 2 shilling."
He leaned on the fence with emotion intense,
As he gasped: "O, I've got only seventeen pence!"

Up through the great gate rode His Lordship in state;
He had sought THREE-restante for some papers of weight.
As stiff as a FOUR, ninety guineas he bore,
And he smiled in disdain at the TWO near his door.
I'm FIVE that no show, from the SIX to Hang-HO,
Though it sent him free SEVEN—in raptures might fall,
But the Peer—with a large SEVEN—looked down on them all.

* * * * * * *

With gifts so misplaced, pleasures all go to waste,
Since the one has no means, and the other no taste.

M. C. S.

656.—PALINDROME.

I've visited in many a place,
But never has it been my lot,
Whether an honr or disgrace,
*o *a** i* a *a*i**a *o*.

T. H.

ANSWERS.

632.—I know there is nothing new under the sun. (In O is "nothing new" under the sun.)

633.—America, Freedom's home.

634.—Pair (pear, pare).

635.—Indefinite.

636.—1. Scribe, crib. 2. Severe, ever. 3. Shame, ham. 4. Scare, car. 5. Slide, lid. 6. Smite, mit. 7. Spine, pin. 8. Stage, tag. 9. Shape, hap. 10. Shote, hot. 11. Stone, ton. 12. Stare, tar. 13. Spite, pit. 14. Spare, par.

637.—1. Scrawler, crawler. 2. Meager, eager.

638.—1. Wand, am. 2. Zante, ant. 3. Vacher, ache. 4. Yager, age. 5. Xeme, em.

639.—Spread, drapes, rasped, parsed, spared.

WHO WOULD WANT HIM?

Can One Imagine Any Use for the Boy Who Never Saw a Ball Game.

Washington Post.

WANTED—A boy who never saw a baseball game; one who does not know the difference between third base and a foul ball. To such an office attachment a liberal salary will be paid.—Hudson (N. Y.) Register.

It would please us mightily to learn what the person advertising for such a boy as is here described proposes to do with him. Of what earthly use would he be in any position except one in which an automaton could be employed with equal results and save the cost of feed? In this day and generation, when the love of outdoor life and wholesome athletic sports is a part of the very existence of all men and boys who are worth the powder to blow them up, a boy "who does not know the difference between third base and a foul ball" would only be fit to crawl off somewhere and die, or serve as a subject for bugologists' experiments. In a business office such a boy would probably not know the difference between mine and thine and would soon be made a victim of the lad with red blood in his veins. Some of us are unable to satisfy our desire to sit in the fan corner at the ball games, join the hurrahing crowd at the wire when the ponies finish, swat the celluloid globules on the golf links, or woo color to our cheeks by steering the teff-teff car over inviting roads, but we are always glad to see the boys enthusiastic in any sport that makes the pulses leap. The boy that is first in the swimming hole, noisiest at the ball game and on the front seat at the circus can be usually counted upon to lead his class at school and is almost invariably found at the head of the procession when he becomes a man. No other kind of a boy is worth having.

A Significant Statement.

Kansas City (Mo.) Special.

"Things are brightening in the corn belt," remarked a leading stockyards dealer this week, when discussing the interior trade outlook. "During the past week the farmers have been buying thin cattle." That statement does not signify much to the uninitiated; to the Westerner it means that the period of waiting has passed and that plans for the fall and winter activities have been begun. In 1901 there was no buying of cattle; that calamity that followed throughout the West is still vividly remembered. There has been no such purchasing this season until the present week owing to the dubious corn outlook.